Friendly ADVICE,

FOR

Dr. SQUINTUM.

OF all the Knaves and all the Fools,
That ever left the Public Schools,
To make the Honeſt Poor their Tools,
The worſt is Dr. *Squintum*.

With Heart of Steel and front of Braſs,
The Raſcal for a Saint would paſs,
But much an Owl, and much an Aſs,
Is this ſame Dr. *Squintum*.

" *Do nothing and be ſaved,*" he cries,
His Stupid Audience cloſe their Eyes,
And groan in Concert, to the lies,
Of Canting Dr. *Squintum.*

Foot's Comic powers have charm'd the Town,
His Ridicule might well go down,
Which bid ſuch Service to the Gown,
So long diſgraced by *Squintum.*

The Poor made poorer by his Art,
Demand the laws to take their Part,
And give at Once a Rope, and Cart,
To Honeſt Dr. *Squintum.*

But if we have no Law yet made,
To puniſh ſuch a Thief, by trade,
There's Bedlam ſtill affords its Aid,
To Rid the World of *Squintum.*

BRITISH MUSEUM